Fantastical Imagination

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/46257775.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/M, M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	(brief) Will Graham/Margot Verger, (brief) Will Graham/Alana Bloom, Will Graham/Wendigo, (technically) - Relationship, Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Margot Verger, Alana Bloom, Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Wendigo (Hannibal)
Additional Tags:	Xenophilia, Teratophilia, monster fucking, Human/Monster Romance, Wendigo Hannibal Lecter, Wendigo, Sexual Fantasy, Imagination, Mentioned F/M, Anal Sex, Smut, No Plot/Plotless, Idk what I'm doing, Podfic Welcome
Language:	English
Series:	Part 30 of Kinktober 2022
Collections:	Kinktober 2022 Collection
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-30 Words: 928 Chapters: 1/1

Fantastical Imagination

by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Will doesn't know what he wants in his reality, so he takes whatever sexual opportunities he can get. When he mind drifts to a man eating monster however, he doesn't reign it back.

Kinktober Day 30: Teratophillia

Notes

This one's quite a bit shorter than my normal fanfics, and I've never written nor read monster-fucking… so here's my best uneducated shot!

Margot isn't the one he wants, but she's the one he finds himself in the sheets with. She's a poor substitute, and because of it, Will finds himself slipping between reality, and fantasy whilst they fuck.

She's enthusiastically faking this, Will can tell. This is a transaction, that's something certain. So, Will doesn't feel even the slightest bit guilty when he starts shaping Margot's face to look like Alana's. Cause that's the one he wants, truly.

But then, the world around them changes. He slips from his bed in Wolf Trap, warmed by a single space heater, to a bed unrecognizable to him, warmed by a beautiful fireplace. Will sits up, pulling Alana into his lap like nothing has happened. It's only when he goes to kiss her that she turns to a dark liquid, slipping through his fingers and evaporating by the time she hits the navy silk bed sheets.

Will isn't startled by this, and the creature he sees when he looks up from the evaporated puddle of Alana is one so familiar to him. He's seen this beast many, many times. Yet, he hasn't bothered to analyze what this frequent hallucination might mean. All he knows is that this wendigo resembles Hannibal.

His antlers are massive as they swivel, indicating movement. The beast rises slowly out of the fireplace, and Will watches it with piercing eyes. He doesn't feel fear, but he feels the absence of a woman in his arms.

The wendigo moves with a predator speed, stalking, but purposeful as it approaches. Will's breath is heaving, now only slightly intimidating at realizing the true size of this beast.

Then, he pounces. Will isn't caught off guard, and falls back with ease when he's tackled into the sheets. The beast's eyes seem to see right through him, pinning him with just a gaze.

He's not restrained in any way other than the massive presence of the wendigo's body, so he's free to touch and explore. With hesitant hands, Will reaches to hold onto its wide flanks, and finds the skin is leathery and cool.

The beast's rib cage is prominent, and Will runs his fingers along the bones. They're like steel, completely solid. His torso is at least twice as large as Will's, maybe even three times bigger.

This inclines Will to compare the rest of their bodies. He looks down to realize that this monster's thighs are much larger than any Will has seen before, even larger than strongmen.

They're strong, and the beast forces Will's own thighs apart easily with just one of them. Will has to strain to welcome the monster's hips between his legs.

The wendigo is making no noises, and Will finds it eerie in a way. Only the occasional audible breath, strong like a huff from a horse. Will doesn't speak, uncertain if this beast can understand English. What would he say, anyways? He's sure this beast is intelligent, like a human; but what kind of conversations would they even have?

This beast only seems to have one goal, and Will watches with fascination as this monster's genitals appear out of its body. Where a person's penis might be, a hidden sheath is placed. So, when this wendigo reveals it's desire to breed, his dick extends from within his body.

Will runs his fingers down the monster's back, to cup it's ass, encouraging him to continue. In Will's fantasy world, he's prepared and open, so the wendigo slides right in. His cock is huge, and Will has a hard time fitting it all.

The beast thrusts, huffing like a wild animal when he plunges in. His hips are fast, and Will's nails dig into its ass like he wishes for this monster to penetrate even deeper. Will knows that's not possible, and moves his dominant hand down so he can stroke himself instead.

He's fast with his strokes just like how the wendigo is fast with its thrusts. Will braces when the beast readjusts, pulling one of Will's legs up to spread him wider. Its long fingers curl around Will's ankle, and Will tries not to tense too much with the stretch.

Will's moans start to slip out when the wendigo's thrusts angle upwards towards his prostate. It feels like the entire length of this monster's dick is grazing his prostate gland.

Will whimpers and throws his head back, begging the monster between profanities not to stop. His toes curl, and his eyes roll when he blows his load. It's like hot fire has shot through his veins, and he wonders if that's because this is a dream. His orgasm feels so much more intense.

The wendigo doesn't stop thrusting because it's not satisfied, and it hasn't come yet. Will breathes through it, and a few minutes of painful overstimulation later, the beast finally comes.

Will sighs in relief, petting down the back of the leathery skin as he relaxes. It's only a moment more before the wendigo is receding back to where he came from. It doesn't stick around for any cuddling or anything, it just leaves.

He becomes one with the flames, and Will huffs out a laugh. What a strange imagination he has.

He blinks, and he's transported back to his own bedroom, there's a warm body beside him, but he doesn't dare to look.

She's not Hannibal. The wendigo is the closest thing to Hannibal Will will ever get, and he'll just have to live with that.

He'll be partly satisfied in his fantasies, and left longing in his reality.

What a shit reality.

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